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to gain any view of what might be passing in the interior, it was necessary to have recourse to a ladder; this, too, after some delay, they obtained. They applied it to the large window of the chancel; and there was some deliberation as to who should first ascend. The gentleman who had given the alarm at last volunteered the service, and, with a panting breath, and a brow covered with beads of dew, reached the top and looked down—the rest huddling together behind him, and pressing closely one upon the other. The sight he saw was sufficient to shake the courage of the stoutest. The communion-table had been uncovered, as for the rite, and drawn to a short distance from the wall. Two candles had been brought from the vestry, lighted, and placed thereon; three figures were seated round it, playing at cards! They were young men of licentious habits and notorious impiety; and their flushed countenances and disordered clothes, showed that their present audacious act of sacrilege had been planned at some debauch. But there was a fourth at the table—that fourth a corpse, which had that day been buried in a vault within the church! It had been dragged from its grave by these blasphemous rioters to assist at their game, as if they were resolved that no horror should be wanting. You may think how ghastly the dead face looked when contrasted with their rude and glaring countenances; how chilling was its motionless silence in return to their infernal baldry. Those who beheld looked long ere they could believe that living men could dare to perpetrate so enormous a crime. Other inhabitants of the neighbourhood were presently collected; the church door unlocked; and the gamblers interrupted—who could have dared to wait until the game was played out? They were immediately taken into custody; and it was further discovered that the criminals belonged to some of the most respectable families of the place. How they had gained an entrance, or what had tempted them to so fearfully wicked an act, was never known—or, if it was known, was never told; for, in consideration of their families, the matter was hushed up, the miscreants allowed to escape from —, to re-appear there no more!”

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Some years ago a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the force of imagination, being desirous to add experimental to his theoretical knowledge, made application to the minister of justice, to be allowed an opportunity of proving what he asserted by an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister complied with his request; and the criminal agreed to the proposal, counting himself happy in being freed from the painful exhibition of a public execution. At the time appointed, the physician repaired to the prison, and the patient having been extended on a table, his eyes bound, and every thing being ready, he was slightly pricked near the principal veins of the legs and arms with the point of a pen. At the four corners of the table were four little fountains, filled with water, from which issued small streams falling into basins placed there to receive them. The patient, thinking it was his blood that trickled into the basins, became weaker and weaker by degrees, and the remarks of the medical men in attendance, in reference to the quality and appearance of the blood (made with that intention,) increased the delusion, and he spoke more and more faintly, until his voice was at length scarcely audible. The profound silence which reigned in the apartment, and the constant dropping of the fountains, had so extraordinary an effect on the brain of the poor patient, that all his vital energies were soon gone, although before a very strong man, and he died without having lost a drop of blood.

MEELAN; A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

“Enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.”—*Milton*.

’Tis night, and the moon, from her star-clad height,
Flings her marble of silver hue
O’er Clonfert’s green graves; and all sparkling bright
Daloo, in her gleam-beams, a sheet of light,
Where murmur its waters blue.

How gloom from afar, o’er the soothing scene,
The tall cliff and wavy wood;
And mournful and grey are the rude rocks seen,
As heaves the green turf in huge mounds between,
Where Castle M’Auliy stood.*

Here frown’d the dark turrets in lordly pride,
Here smil’d the gay chieftain’s hall;
The clansmen here marshall’d in order wide,
When war-fires high blazed on the mountain’s side,
For battle at glory’s call.

Here ne’er shall the string of the clarseach wake;
The songs of the hall are o’er;
No more shall the voice of the victor break,
When home, o’er the mountain, their wild way take,
The kern† and cradahore‡.

The clansmen, who battled with Saxon foes,
The chief of the lordly dome;
The bard, at whose call the stout clansmen rose,
In death undistinguished all calm repose—
They are gone to their silent home!

Lo! yonder, where moss-grown the grave-stones lie,
M’Auliffe sad-sought the tomb;
He fell not in battle by victor high,
Heart-broken he yielded his latest sigh
For Meelan, his daughter’s doom!

Daloo, while thou glidest thy groves between,
Shall the maids of thy sun-lit glade
Twine horror-fraught tales of the nuptial scene
With the olden lays, echoed through woodland green,
For Meelan, the gold-haired maid.

And mild as the lambkin, that crops the lea,
And pensive as cowslip’s pale,
She oft sought the valley alone—for she
Was woo’d by a chieftain of high degree
In yonder dark lonely dale.

O’Herly was gallant, and brave, and gay;
And chronicles ancient tell,
That Malachy bid his fair daughter say,
Who’d kiss her pure cheek on the nuptial day—
Her choice on O’Herly fell.

Fond pair! you have woven in fancy’s loom
Sweet garlands of pleasure gay;
Dark destiny withers your garland’s bloom,
Yet could beauty, could merit, revoke the doom,
Not yours were this plaintive lay.

The glad nuptial morn arrives; and, lo!
The high notes of joy resound:
The guests are in waiting, a glorious show—
The bards’ raptur’d voices all sweetly flow,
To join the wild harp’s soft sound.

As blooms the young rose in the sun-beams clear,
With bright pearly dew besprent;
So fair Meelan shone, through the smile and tear,
When the young chieftain soothed each maiden fear,
As they to the altar went.

How glorious the pomp of the lordly train,
That leads the young pair along;
What silver-shod coursers proud paw’d the plain—
Clonfert never saw, in her sacred fane,
So gallant, so fair a throng.

To view the gay pageant the deep crowds press’d,
Warm hearts in hot wars turmoil;
Whose lips, warmly praying, the bright pair bless’d,
As they went where the priests were in surplices dress’d,
To the altar, along the aisle.

* The castle of M’Auliffe, the Chief of Clanawly, stood over the Daloo, on the left hand side of the road to Blackwater-bridge. The foundations are now scarcely visible.

† Kern, an Irish foot soldier.

‡ Cradahore, the taker of spoils.

The hollow wind whistled the tombs among
The owl, from her ivy tower,
Her harsh nightly notes on the day-light rung,
When young Meelan whispered, with faltering tongue,
Consent to the nuptial power.

The marriage ring wax'd as the moonbeam pale,
And deep was her dark heart's fall,
As the loud tempest gather'd adown the dale,
And the bride and the bridegroom sad-sought the vale,
That led to M'Auliff's hall.

The hollow winds whistle—the owl's cry—
The marriage rings paly glow;
The gloom of the moment—the unconscious sigh—
The lowering dark cloud of the boding sky
Proclaim a sad tale of woe!

The sun hath gone down o'er the mountains steep,
And tinges its glades with gold;
The voice of the banquet is loud and deep—
The last and the latest that hall shall keep—
Clanawly shall e'er behold!

Poor bride! and the handmaids thy chamber spread,
And show'd the gay fragrant flower;
Thou wilt press with thy lover no nuptial bed—
Borne off by enchantment so drear and dread,
From bridegroom and bridal bower!

The revelry rose on the night's dull ear,
The vaulted hall loudly rung,
When Meelan discover'd, in wildest fear,
A stranger was seated beside her near,
As "twelve" the strict warder sung.

His flowing locks mock'd the dark raven's plume;
His carriage, commanding high,
Bespoke the proud chieftain; but silent gloom
O'erspread every bosom around the room,
Though none knew the reason why.

His bright eye keen flashed with unearthly fire,
No mortal might meet its glow;
The guests of the banquet with cold hearts retire,
The bards' fingers ceas'd o'er the trembling wire,
His presence such fears bestow.

Ye guests of the banquet surcease your dread,
Right courteous the stranger tall;
He fills o'er the table the wine bowl red;
He pledges the bride with low bending head—
The bridegroom and chieftains all.

He leads the young bride in the circling dance,
Most regal his robes were seen;
The banquet-guests view'd him with eyes askance—
The bride, O! she trembled beneath his glance—
Though graceful and gay his mien.

How quick gleam her steps on the marble floor,
And gentle her light foot's sound
In the hall which her white foot oft trod before,
As she led her gay handmaids that marble o'er
To move in the mazy round.

'Tis done—When the murmurs applause ceased,
The chief led the blooming bride
Where Malachy, 'mid the high chieftains placed,
Presided supreme o'er the nuptial feast,
Then sat by the maiden's side.

"Thy light step, fair bride," the dark stranger said,
"But echoed the music's sound:
With fair, blooming beauties the dance I've led—
Their charms would have vanished, their light step fled,
Wert thou in the mazy round.

"I love a young maid—and her grace is thine,
And thine are her tresses long,
And thine is her dark eye of light divine—
And, O! if thou listen to strains of mine,
I'll sing to my fair a song."

She bowed—and he rais'd some enchanted tone—
Ne'er warbled by mortal tongue;
If golden-harp'd seraphs to earth had flown,
The voice of the stranger would seem their own—
And these were the strains he sung:

THE SONG OF THE SPIRIT.

"Thou knowest where yon mountain uprears its huge head,
Where the hoarse torrent roars down its rude, rocky bed,
There stands my bright palace—high dwelling of air—
And the bride of my bosom shall smile on me there!

"Where the hues of the rainbow, all glorious, unite,
Festooning the hall in gay vapours of light,
Whose diamond-starred pavement now sparkles in sheen,
Far brighter than gems the deep grottoes of Lene.*

"The soft bridal bed my beloved shall share,
I've pluck'd from the pinions of spirits of air;
And the fairies of ocean, by strong spell beguil'd,
Shall soothe her to slumber with melody wild.

"I know where the waters of loveliness flow,
Whose pure draught can beauty immortal bestow;
And the rose of her cheek, and the snow of her brow,
Shall live through wreck'd ages, as peerless as now!

"My chariot the wild winds—my pathway the sky—
O'er wide earth and ocean unfettered I fly:
And my bright bird of beauty can wing her quick way
On the zephyr's soft pinion, as light fancy may!

"I know where the diamonds of brightness have birth,
In the caves of old ocean and dark womb of earth;
I'll choose for my fairest the rarest of all,
To deck as she pleases the crystal-built hall.

"'Tis the night of my bridal—I've pass'd it with you:
The morning-star blazes—ye chieftains, adieu!
When yearly this dark night of wonder shall be,
Remember the bridal—and think, think, of me!

"High lord of the castle! dark chief of the Wold!†
The banquet of feasting I leave. But behold!
I'll snatch to my bosom the maid of my vow—
M'Auliff's bright daughter, that maiden art thou!

"'Tis vain, O rash bridegroom! nor tempt my high power,
I've deck'd for the Meelan the gay nuptial bower!
My train are in waiting—impatient I fly—
My chariot the wild winds—my pathway the sky."

Then rose through the castle the wild guest's fright,
As his strong arm he twin'd her round,
And wing'd through the wide-yawning roof his flight:
But ne'er was the bride since that fear-fraught night,
Or the mysterious stranger, found.

To yonder rude cliff, called from Meelan's name,‡
Through many an olden day—
Where rises the hall of enchanted fame,
Invisible save to the wizard's beam—
The mountain-sprite bore his prey.

At night when the cottagers calm repose,
And silent the grove and green,
Fair Meelan is oft at that dark hour's close,
While swells the sad tale of her fate and woes,
Near her rock of enchantment seen!

* Loch Line, or the Lake of Killarney, remarkable among its other natural curiosities, for diamonds. Tradition tells, that a carbuncle of immense value lies in the bosom of the lake, guarded by enchanted spells.

† The father of Meelan, and last lord of Clanawley, was remarkable for his austere dark temper. His territory was a mountainous tract, and are yet called "The Dark Mountains of M'Auliff."

‡ Meelan's Rock is a natural excavation, in a huge steep that crowns the right bank of the Daloo, over against the ruined church of Clonfert.

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